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PRISONERS WYNNE (STANDING AT MICROPHONE) & PENKOVSKY (FAR RIGHT, SEATED IN DOCK)
"I had no idea how intelligence operated. I now know."

even though he had to travel 6,000 miles to French-owned Réunion Island, a tiny volcanic rock in the Indian Ocean where a by-election offered another opportunity to run for the Assembly. The dour, fussy Debré took no chances. He flew to the capital city of St.-Denis and campaigned vigorously, holding 70 meetings in three steaming, sweaty weeks. As was confidently predicted, Debré swamped his luckless opponent 30,908 to 7,365, partly through the Réunion tactic known as the "promenade," in which opposition voters are sent fruitlessly from polling place to polling place, being told at each that they are not registered there.

De Gaulle now views Debré with a more kindly eye than he did during his premiership a year ago; according to waggish Paris comment, Pompidou was like a mistress whom De Gaulle saw with pleasure, but who lost many of his charms when he became *la légitime*, that is, wife. If De Gaulle gives the expected nod, Michel Debré will take over the job of president of the Gaullist U.N.R. faction in the Assembly and employ his undeniable talents in dealing with the ineffective leadership, poor organization and internal friction that have recently plagued the party.

RUSSIA

The Great Western Spy Net

Neither of the men who glared at each other across the prisoner's dock in a crowded Moscow courtroom looked very much like a spy. Dapper Greville Maynard Wynne, 34, was a salesman who lived quietly in London's fashionable Chelsea section with his wife and young son when he was not on the road selling electrical machinery in Russia and Eastern Europe. Slender Oleg Penkovsky, 45, was a much-decorated Russian war hero who recently had held the delicate job of arranging East-West [illegible] for a Soviet state committee.

But last week the incongruous pair went on trial [illegible] panel of three Supreme Court generals. While klieg lights glared and some 300 perspiring spectators sat on the edge of their seats for five days, the most bizarre spy circus in post-war Soviet history unfolded before their eyes. If the two men's confessions could be believed, the West had pulled off a spectacular coup in the cold war struggle for intelligence secrets. For 18 straight months, from April 1961 until last October, Penkovsky had funneled to Wynne and other couriers a stream of nearly 5,000 photographs of secret Soviet data on missile developments, troop movements, economic and political inside stuff from the Communist Party Central Committee itself.

Just a Chauffeur. It began in November 1960, when Penkovsky got fed up with his Moscow job. Seeking "the easy life," Penkovsky said he sent a letter to the U.S. embassy in Moscow, offering his services to the U.S. According to Penkovsky, officials in Washington ignored the offer, fearing a trap. But Penkovsky was determined to work for the West. His chance came at last when he struck up a conversation with Wynne the following month at a Moscow reception for visiting British technicians.

Wynne was happy to meet the Russian, he said, because Soviet contacts were useful for his machinery business. Thus, when Penkovsky showed up next April in London, supposedly to set up an exchange with British scientists, Wynne went out to the airport to meet him and show him around town. Were you merely a chauffeur? asked the prosecutor. That's it, Wynne replied. Exploded Penkovsky to the court: "This is a child's tale. Believe me, citizen judges, I cannot understand why Wynne tries to minimize his role. I didn't need a chauffeur. I could have taken a taxi."

Truth was, said Penkovsky, he was already relaying film to British intelligence and now was in touch with the Americans as well. In London he delivered two bulky packages of state secrets to Wynne, tried on British and U.S. colonels' uniforms just [illegible] cursed a poor [illegible] from Russia by submarine if things got hot. He recalled more relaxed moments pub-crawling and nightclubbing.

Box of Chocolates. After London, there was Paris. Wynne gaily showed the Russian around Fontainebleau, Versailles, the Lido and the Moulin Rouge—and willingly picked up the tab. Penkovsky handed over 15 more rolls of film and had five sessions with Western intelligence agents.

On occasions when Wynne came to Moscow on a business trip, Penkovsky usually passed his information to him concealed in a box of chocolates, which Wynne allegedly gave to Mrs. Janet Chisholm, wife of a second secretary of the British embassy, for relay to London. When Mrs. Chisholm suspected she was being followed, she suggested that Wynne give the "chocolates" to her children. On his flights out of Moscow, Wynne carried book-size packages of secrets, grasped in plain brown paper. Penkovsky said that when he did not have Wynne around to act as courier, he used his code name "Young" and dealt directly with U.S. and British embassy employees through an elaborate set of signals.

It all worked fine until last fall, when the Soviet police swooped down on Penkovsky, extracting the confession that implicated Wynne. A few days later, Russia's agents located Wynne in Budapest and hustled him back to Moscow.

Learning from Experience. Through it all, Wynne doggedly maintained that he was only a businessman who had been snared in the coils of British intelligence.

At first, he said, he had no idea what the brown packages or boxes of chocolates really contained. After it dawned on him that he was a spy, he demanded no part of the "dirty business," but his superiors threatened to wreck his commercial affairs and so he kept at it. "My answers might seem naive to you professional gentlemen here," he said, to the laughter of the courtroom, "but I had no idea how intelligence operated. I now know.

Even before the prosecutor finished his [illegible] government new[illegible]